



Quiet Mouse



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Chapter 1 by Jane

Quiet Mouse, a game. Have you every played it? Not like I had one time. I have won this game, but I will tell you about it later. Anyways, it is a game of silence. One word, you are dead. Any unnecessary noises, you are dead. If you play this game, don't shush your friend, either. Or else it's "Roses are red, violets are blue. You friend is dead, and so are you." For, well, you.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



I was locked to a rusty old wheelchair, middle of a decrepit room in some abandoned warehouse, psychotic genius of a killer standing over me telling me some sick, sadistic game he wanted to play... you know the drill. I sighed, and rolled my eyes.

"Yeah, okay. I get it. I get it. Quiet Mouse. Sounds fun. Let's play."

The killer giggled with delight and hopped about.

"Very good! Very good! We must decide now who your friends will be..."

"Um. I dunno. How about Jason?"

"Well, Jason is not technically your friend."

"More of an acquaintance, right. I get it."

"It needs to be someone who will put significant pressure of you to keep them alive, you see."

"Right, right. Makes sense. How about a girl? That would intensify it even more, right?"

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"Ooh! Ooh! You're very good."

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"Well, that's kinda subjective isn't it?"

--Don't quibble."

"Okay, okay. Heather's pretty hot, and I've never actually told her I like her."

"Excellent! Do you have her phone number?"

"Yes, she's in my contacts. Just give her a ring and I'll talk with her... lure her in or whatever."

The killer giggled as he lifted my mobile phone and searched through the directory for Heather.

"Heather S. or Heather B.?" he asked.

"Oh, hell. I'm not sure. Just try one."

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